A Selection from an Unfinished Book of Sonnets

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When I was arrogant, when I was young,
When I could not tell empty words from truth,
Hiding a book of lies beneath your tongue,
You ended the enjoyment of my youth.
I have moved on to live a different life;
I know new people and they never knew you;
I have cut off the past with virtue's knife;
I now perceive your vices: I see through you.
But though I've made my heart as hard as steel,
For any softer substance you have broken,
And though I know that it is vain to feel,
For I from vanity have just awoken,
    Yet I am pained by memories of you:
    They haunt my mind no matter what I do.

You put my feet upon the path of sin,
For you delight in that which is perverse.
I battle with my thoughts but cannot win;
I wish your bed had been instead my hearse.
For it is better not to live at all
Than to do that which brings Eumenides.
Man's life is short: a rise and then a fall.
Its deeper meaning is in memories,
Not in the mind itself but in the trace
That stays behind him when he goes to spirit:
This is the record of the human race,
And man has reason both to love and fear it.
    Let youth therefore beware of finding fame,
    Lest it be turned into eternal shame.

Who stole love's fire in a fennel stalk,
And gave it us, consuming all discretion?
To heaven's heaven I could never walk,
But I was party to the next transgression.
I had no foresight, as I was but young,
And I made Epimetheus look wise.
You brought Pandora's jar by poets sung,
A world of misery kept in disguise.
Have I the strength to play this weary part,
When all achievement seems to me but flat?
Can I find hope within my troubled heart,
Or will the son of Cronus grudge me that?
    If he keeps foresight in eternal bind,
    What hope remains for one of lesser mind?

As authors gild their books with self-promotion,
With flashy pictures and with trite reviews,
But, inside, genius had no deeper motion
Than what a superficial judgement views,
As ageing women paint their fading faces,
As vulgar conversation holds no matter,
As grocery fruit, though colourful is tasteless,
As ignorance conceals itself with chatter,
So did our love conceal an inner rot.
Why did I listen to the words you said?
You told me to perform that which should not
Have any place within a lovers' bed:
    The inner fact made worse by outer act,
    The outer act made worse by inner fact.

I held you in my arms, but you concealed
A dagger in your hand to pierce my heart.
I wish that I could say the wound has healed,
But it is toxic from the poison dart.
Each weakness that I showed you in my wall
To you was just an opportunity
To undermine and make my armour fall,
Undoing all of my philosophy:
A vain philosophy that I employed,
And too concerned with superficial things,
Which let me leave the peace that I enjoyed,
Unmindful of the fruit that folly brings.
    What little pleasure I from you could get
    Has been long since replaced by pure regret.

I never let my friends stay at my house:
We'd always hang out at their house instead.
I feared that they would hear my parents' shouts,
Perceive their acts, infer their broken heads.
But I let you stay at my house with me,
Because I trusted you above the others.
We'd been close friends for five years previously,
And to complete our friendship we turned lovers.
You'd been a boy, but now you were a girl:
You dressed in skirts, and smelled of sweet perfume.
I did not know the judgement of the world
Would change my label if I slept with you.
    But now I cringe in shame when bigots smile
    And ridicule gynandromorphophiles.

A woman's face by your cosmetics painted
Had you, the master mistress of my passion,
A woman's outer show but more acquainted
With shameful vice than is real women's fashion.
You made the girls around me think me dirty;
In envy you destroyed my virtue's fame;
You cried and lied to others just to hurt me;
You made me want to kill myself in shame.
But I did not retaliate in kind,
For I was just a boy: I had no schemes.
I tried to hide the past within my mind,
Hiding from love, and hiding from my dreams.
    I fled from pleasure, lived in solitude,
    In order to redeem myself from you.

You said I was a fag, because I loved you:
A tranny chaser for your hidden sex.
But then I was transphobic, for I left you,
And you complained and cried to all your friends.
Some said I was perverted, for I loved you:
I was fixated on your being trans.
But then I was transphobic, for I left you,
And at my bigotry they looked askance.
Thus half my readers will be homophobic;
The other half will say that I'm transphobic;
But independent of on which I focus,
I cry in shame remembering who spoke it.
    I wish I never lived, and never knew you:
    That way alone I would get no shame through you.

The fruit of good and evil in your hand,
You sinned, but there was no need for the snake.
You sought your sin yourself: let Satan stand,
And you instead his seat in hell will take.
You wish the lowlifes of Gomorrah knew you;
The sins of Sodom are your deepest thrill.
You'd love if Lot to save two angels threw you
To be the latest God-enraging kill.
You are a low, dishonest masochist;
You lie about the people that you hate.
At first your lying lips will sweetly kiss,
But later they will slander fabricate.
    Perverse and sick at heart, your secret shame
    Is such as makes the Scripture's sins seem tame.

You wish that you were Absalom his sister;
You wish you were the concubine divided.
Your dream male is a violent persister;
But your desire is to be derided.
You wish you were like Agamemnon's daughter,
Not she that mourned, but she that flew the farthest.
You are no victim that request the slaughter:
The gods turn up their noses at your carcass.
And you are like Peleïdes ere war,
Living an act, wearing a borrowed robe.
Your fantasies amount to nothing more
Than the first children did of patient Job.
    But your hypocrisy is infinite,
    And finite legends cannot figure it.

Like Potiphar his wife you slandered me,
Though I was not as good as Jacob's son.
You were afraid to do so openly,
For then the truth against you would have won.
I do not know how much you slandered me;
I do not know for certain that you did it.
For gossip travels unreliably,
And passing time from search has almost hid it.
A friend heard I'd been physically abusive,
Though waited years to tell: deception sad.
Others heard tales, distorted, but inclusive
Of private interactions that we had.
    From two such tales, both lies and truths, could come;
    I did not tell, so you're the only one.

You hope the one that loves you is a sadist;
If he is not, then you tell him to fake it;
If he cannot, then you make sure his name is:
The lie is truth for you if you can make it.
The reputation of your latest lover
You make a stage to play your fantasies.
The memory of truth within you cover,
And weave instead a web of calumnies.
Thus every lie you lay to turn a friend,
And every story that you tell a stranger,
Is part of your pitiless game whose end
Is consummation of your kink for danger.
    But honesty unmasks your cheap disguise:
    One grain of truth outweighs a heap of lies.

Perhaps you say one thing and think another;
Perhaps your thoughts are automatic lies;
Perhaps you were not raised right by your mother;
Perhaps you are a demon in disguise.
But I think that the deepest, darkest cause
Is pride, but so distorted out of measure,
That you enmesh yourself in worthless laws,
Digging your grave, thinking you're digging treasure.
Eventually your misdeeds will haunt you,
For karmic law enmeshes all our lives.
Eventually lovers will not want you;
Eventually friends will leave your side.
    But you go on, indifferent to it all:
    Enjoy the pride that comes before a fall.

I acquiesced to your sick fantasy,
Because it was an act you said would please you.
I tried to play your game of make-belief,
And at your wrist and arms and neck I squeezed you.
You writhed in pleasure at my sadist touch;
You begged your daddy to abuse you dearly.
To fully satisfy your twisted lust,
You told me to ignore what you said clearly.
You told me not to stop if you said stop;
You told me that you wanted to be raped!
Your daddy dominated from on top;
You cried orgasmically, could not escape!
    With real-girl panties, purse, and pronouns too,
    You got a real straight boy to punish you.

I could not paedicate or irrumate you:
Your charms left me psychically impotent,
And only Onan's rite sufficed to sate you
Of your desire for the seed I spent.
I was no sadist, or at least not one
Who took delight in causing others pain.
Defilement was what got me undone:
I took delight in seeing others' shame.
I was ashamed of urophilia.
I thought gynandromorphophilia
Better, with your asphyxiophilia,
And dangerous biastophilia.
    The saddest thing about my youthful sin
    Was that I did not take delight therein.

None are for being what they are at fault,
But for not being what they would be thought;
And now that I perceive as an adult,
I see my youth was built on what was not.
I was at fault pretending I was straight,
Or possibly, pretending I was gay,
Ashamed and proud of gender's terms, so fake,
Which leave our smirks and thoughts, change what we say.
I was at fault faking another's kink,
Which gave me post-traumatic stress disorder.
I was at fault pretending not to think,
Adhering to illusion's shallow order.
    I was at fault believing others' lies,
    As I hid what I thought behind my eyes.

My domination was subordination,
Because I acquiesced to your sick taste.
If we had followed my imagination,
Adorable play would have taken place.
You'd drink ten cups of water like a good girl,
And soon you'd feel the urgent need to go.
You'd beg to use the toilet like a big girl;
Your daddy would sadistically say no.
Then giving in you'd wet your real-girl panties,
And in humiliation cry and curse.
You wouldn't go tell lies about your daddy,
For then you'd get humiliated worse.
    Your history of good behaviour tarnished,
    You'd need to be diapered with care and punished.

I'd dress you in infantilistic clothing,
In plastic pants to which I had the key.
I'd save your shame to video recording,
So baby would behave obediently.
A cross-dressed sissy in your daddy's power,
You'd be incontinent against your will.
In masochistic pleasure you would cower,
Afraid to say your diaper had been filled.
Still diapered, you would go to big girl school,
And all the real big girls would laugh and tease you.
Now all the people that with lies you fooled
Would know submissive sissy shame had pleased you.
    And this humiliating fantasy
    Is better than your own sick tendencies.

Rather than put my hand around your neck,
I should have put a bib of gentle texture,
Which would not bruise your skin or cause suspect,
Or make me seem a violent offender.
Rather than hold your wrists as you resisted,
I should have spanked you for your disrespect,
Your homophobic, sadomasochistic,
And ignorant outflow of empty breath.
Rather than settle for a vulgar whore,
I should have exercised some self-restraint,
Raising my standards slightly off the floor,
Waiting for love that would not bring me taint.
    But I followed the path of least resistance,
    Yielding to your submissive strong insistence.

One night you called me, made my studies stop,
And asked me to hook up, our habits violent;
So I came over, lifted up your top,
And we communed in lust, both kissing, silent.
But then you said you wanted me to stop;
You told me that my kissing was too violent.
But I still dominated from on top,
Because the role-play made such statements silent.
But then you said your asking me to stop
Was not an act, despite your tastes, so violent,
And so I stopped: I got up from on top,
And left the room, leaving you lying silent.
    I figured I would leave a couple minutes
    So you'd get in the mood to let me finish.

After I left you silent in your bed,
I erred, assuming silent means consent,
For I lacked foresight in my empty head,
And I did that which fills me with regret.
I got some olive oil from the kitchen,
Went back to bed, and started kissing you.
To what you'd said before I did not listen,
Confused by prior role-play's missing truth.
Thus though you'd said your asking me to stop
Was not an act, despite your tastes, so violent,
Yet I came on you, humping you, on top,
Without consent, not choking you, you silent:
    An innocent mistake, and not my fault,
    That I committed sexual assault.

We lay beside each other in your bed;
You told me that you had withdrawn consent.
I spoke of Shakespeare from my empty head,
And worriedly expressed to you regret.
You laughed, and threatened you could ruin me
By telling others of what I had done.
The game that you had introduced to me
Was now a crime scene, I the guilty one.
I said to you, If you try doing that,
I will reveal your kink for being raped.
You said to me, That was so hot; come back,
And kiss me, daddy, while I masturbate.
    Then you, the helpless victim of my crime,
    Got off to how I'd made your power mine.

That night we slept together in your bed,
After my error, but with your consent.
But I felt newborn worries in my head,
My mind already burdened with regret.
The morning after, as we spoke, you said,
Last night you raped me. Then you said, Just kidding.
I walked alone to school; worried bred;
I tried to joke with friends; it felt unfitting.
After a week or so I sent a text,
Hoping to sleep with you to find out closure.
You called, apologized for disrespects,
But still you joked of rape; I feared exposure.
    We did not speak again; I feared your threat;
    I had no peace, bearing my guilty debt.

I'm sorry that I made that bad mistake;
I've suffered for it more than you could know.
But it's past what forgiveness could unmake:
You were the means by which my vices showed.
I bet you love your daddy did that to you;
I bet you think of it while masturbating.
But it was wrong; I learned a lesson through you:
That wariness is needed in lovemaking.
Henceforth I'll always act with circumspection,
And think twice how my deeds will be perceived.
Great men do not have secrecy's protection,
And their mistakes are vulgar gossip's seed.
    I'll never trust a lover or a friend,
    For after one mistake that trust could end.

I'm sorry that I had to tell your secret;
I am not indiscreet: it is your fault.
You made me paranoid, so I can't keep it,
If I'm to live guilt-free as an adult.
I haven't told your name; that's not my style;
If you want your name known, try suing me.
I won't respond with politician's guile:
I'll just repeat the truth that's here to see.
For years I held my peace and tried to hide,
But agenbite of inwit kept reminding;
Those evil memories I kept inside
Controlled my heart with trauma's grip, so binding.
    I do not care what you or others say:
    The Furies' laws leave me no other way.